

# The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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## The Literary Week.

IN our Special Competitions, the results of which, with the prize papers, are given in a Supplement included in the present issue, eight hundred and one MSS. were submitted. They were divided thus:

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Our search was not rewarded by the discovery of any new writer of exceptional gifts; but the care and the industry shown is very creditable to the amateur authors who have submitted their efforts to us. The competitors hail from all over the world—India, Africa, America, and China—the majority of the efforts being by women. Six competitors will certainly be pleased. We can only express our regret that 795 must be disappointed.

MR. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL has declined to hurry over the production of his book on the Natal Campaign. It will be published, we believe, this month. Mr. Churchill is also at work on a history of the whole war.

THE annual dinner of the Society of Authors will be held on May 16. Mr. Pinero will take the chair.

TWO years ago Mr. J. G. Frazer, author of the *Golden Bough*, published his great edition of Pausanias' *Description of Greece*, at the somewhat prohibitive price of six guineas. Messrs. Macmillan have now included in their "Everaley" series a book of some 400 pages, which contains the introductory essay on Pausanias himself, and many finished sketches of Greek topography, scenery, and antiquities which occur incidentally in the work as Mr. Frazer follows Pausanias through his itinerary.

E. K. I. writes: "I think I noticed some while back a reference in the pages of the ACADEMY to the linguistic inaccuracies of the British novelist. The following extract is from Chapter VI. of M. André Theuriet's *La Petite Dernière* which is appearing by instalments in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: 'Venez! je suis de l'avis des Anglais: *Two is a company, three is none!*' I am not a great reader of modern French fiction, and it is quite possible that slips of this kind are not infrequent, but as a faithful student of Matthew Arnold I had always imagined the *Revue* to be quite impeccable on points of scholarship."

MR. BERNARD K. SANDWELL writes: "The authorship of 'Illusion,' which you query in last week's ACADEMY, is by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, a poet of considerable repute in America, though whether she is known on this side I

troubled not. It appeared in the *Chap-Book* (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago), Vol. V., No. 2—that is, June 1, 1896. I may add that the *Chap-Book* was the first, and incomparably the best, of the American group of 'intimate' periodicals, was edited for a time by Bliss Carman, was a fortnightly, and died after becoming in 1897 an ordinary and respectable review."

MR. SANDWELL sends the following "corrected version":

God and I in space alone,  
And nobody else in view.  
And "Where are the people, O Lord" I said,  
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead,  
And the dead whom once I knew!"  
"That was a dream," God smiled and said;  
"A dream that seemed to be true.  
There were no people living or dead,  
There was no earth and no sky o'erhead—  
There was only Myself and you."  
"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,  
"Meeting You here this way?  
For I have sinned, I know full well;  
And is there heaven, and is there hell,  
And is this the Judgment Day?"  
"Nay! those were but dreams," the great God said;  
"Dreams that have ceased to be.  
There are no such things as fear or sin;  
There is no you—you never have been—  
There is nothing at all but ME!"

THE Cowper celebration at Olney seems to have been very successful, and it has wonderfully freshened the poet's laurels. At Olney Cowper's characteristics were set forth in an interesting way by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who was happy in his choice of a subject, "The Sanity of Cowper." Comparing Cowper with other poets, Mr. Shorter said:

He did not indulge in vulgar amours, as did Burns and Byron; he did not ruin his moral fibre by opium, as did Coleridge; he did not shock his best friends by an overweening egotism, as did Wordsworth; he did not spoil his life by reckless financial complications, as did Scott; or by too great an enthusiasm to beat down the world's conventions, as did Shelley. I do not here condemn any one or either of these later poets. Their lives cannot be summed up in the mistakes they made. I only urge that as it is not good to be at warfare with your fellows, to be burdened with debts that you have to kill yourself to pay, to alienate your friends by distressing mannerisms, to cease to be on speaking terms with your family—therefore Cowper, who avoided these things, and, out of the three-score years and more allotted to him, lived for some forty or fifty years, at least, a quiet, idyllic life, surrounded by loyal and loving friends, had chosen the surer and safer path.

IN connexion with the Cowper Centenary an effort is being made by the churchwardens of East Dereham, in Norfolk, where Cowper died, to complete the restoration of the church at a cost of £1,400, and to erect a memorial window at a cost of £400. Contributors to the fund will have their names recorded in the parish papers, and will also receive a photograph of Flaxman's well-known monument of the poet in the church.

COWPER's life in London, before he described himself as "a stricken deer that left the herd," has naturally been little mentioned in a week when the eyes of his admirers have been fixed on Olney. A correspondent sends us the following notes on the few London localities connected with Cowper:

On leaving Westminster School, where he had been consistently bullied for eight years, Cowper was placed in an attorney's office in Ely-place, as an apprentice to the Law. Here Thurlow, the future Lord Chancellor, was his fellow-clerk, and Cowper tells us that they were "employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law." The giggling and making giggle were redoubled when the lads went, as they often did, to the house of Cowper's aunt, Mrs. Ashley Cowper, in Southampton-row, where Cowper's two girl cousins welcomed them to mischief. The Cowper house was Number 30, and was the ninth beyond Southampton-court (now Cosmo-place), going northward. It has recently disappeared in the alterations which are preparing Southampton-row for its destiny of feeding the new "boulevard" between Holborn and the Strand.

His three years' apprenticeship ended, Cowper took rooms in the Middle Temple, removing later to the Inner Temple. His rooms in Pump-court have not been identified; but we know that he gave £250 for them, and that his windows looked into the court where, he says, "there are lime trees; and the sound of water, though passing only in pails and pitchers, is rather agreeable."

During his few years of fairly happy life in the Temple Cowper mixed with some old Westminster scholars, who dined together every Thursday, and called themselves the Nonsense Club. Their leader was the vivacious Bonnell Thornton, whose burlesque "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" ("In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join," &c.) so tickled Dr. Johnson. Here Cowper lived in expectation that the office of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords would fall to him. In 1756 he scribbled a few essays for Thornton's *Connoisseur*, the five papers numbered 111, 115, 119, 134, and 138 being from his pen.

Everyone knows what happened when the House of Lords' post was ready for the shyest of men. He quailed hopelessly before the difficulties of the office. Sitting in Dick's Coffee House—the eighteenth century haunt which disappeared from Fleet-street only a year or two ago—he read an article on suicide which seemed to fit his case and sanction the deed he contemplated. He walked out into the fields with a bottle of laudanum in his pocket. Fearing, however, to swallow the poison, he returned to the Temple, and ordered a coach to drive him to Tower Wharf, where he conceived there would be opportunity for another kind of exit. But the Thames tide was low, and a port-r on the quay looked so forbiddingly that Cowper retreated into the coach, and was rattled through the night streets to the Temple. This wild hackney-drive to the Thames may be considered Cowper's last experience of London. His friends now stepped in.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask whether there is an "inexpensive edition of Jane Austen's works which is light to the hand, and printed in large, clear type. I don't want the 'dainty' editions—they are pretty to the eye, and light to hold, but the type is small. What I rather have in my mind is a volume something like the 'Standard' edition of the Waverley Novels, published by Black two or three years ago. These were 2s. 6d. each—a volume to each novel; they are light to hold, easy to read, and have a decent appearance on the bookshelf." We should say that Messrs. Macmillan's 3s. 6d. edition meets our correspondent's requirements.

THE late Duke of Argyll was a splendid figure. The aristocracy of talent and the aristocracy of birth, and vast wealth to support both, were his. A Scottish innkeeper, bewildered by the conjunction, said: "His Grace is in a verri deeficult poseetion whatever. His pride of intellect will no' let him associate with men of his ain birth, and his pride of birth will no' let him associate with men of his ain intellect." The Duke began his controversial

writing at a remarkably early age. Lord Houghton said of him, "He was but seventeen when he wrote a pamphlet, *Advice to the Peers*, and he has gone on advising us ever since." He gave advice, too, to men of science, to socialists, and to working men. Lord Tennyson, his intimate friend, was also his sincere admirer, and his character sketch of the Duke, conveyed in the following lines, is worth recalling:

O, Patriot Statesman, be thou wise to know  
The limits of resistance, and the bounds  
Determining concessions; still be bold  
Not only to slight praise but suffer scorn;  
And be thy heart a fortress to maintain  
The day against the moment, and the year  
Against the day; thy voice, a music heard  
Thro' all the yells and counter-yells of feud  
And faction; and thy will, a power to make  
This ever-changing world of circumstance,  
In changing, chime with never-changing Law.

UNDER the heading "George Douglas Campbell," four pages are devoted to the Duke of Argyll's works in the British Museum Catalogue. Of these the most memorable are: *The Reign of Law*, *The Unseen Foundations of Society*, and *The Philosophy of Belief*. In 1894 the Duke gave the world a volume of poems, entitled *Burdens of Belief*, and *Other Poems*. These poems evoked a good deal of favourable comment, and that they were not without quality may be seen in the following invocation to Autumn:

Come burnished autumn with thy wealth of flame  
And lofty clouds that float in tender blue;  
Come leaves with tints too blended for a name,  
And lakes resoftening lights that come from you;  
Come gentle shadows on the mountains thrown,  
High slopes all roseate at the close of day;  
Come harvest fields by golden stubbles known,  
And garnered sheaves that have been borne away;  
Come perfect stillness as of sorrow born,  
The passing year, as if resigned to die,  
Holding reversed her sad and empty horn,  
But loving yet her garlands where they lie;  
Come northern wings that fly the icy seas,  
Whose crash and roar break down the Polar lands—  
Come fold your pinions where ye meet the breeze  
From Southern tides that bathe our warmer sands;  
Come lengthened shadows and the shortened day,  
And night slow-passing on the ways of space,  
With earlier gold that flames itself away  
Into the splendours of her starry face.

A biography of the Duke may be confidently expected. Of autobiography his works contain little.

MR. VIZETELLY's version of *Fécondité* is almost ready. It is a translation, with certain alterations dictated by a regard for British susceptibilities. Mr. Vizetelly says:

For me the problem was how to retain the *ensemble* of the narrative and all the essence of the lessons which the work inculcates, while recasting some portion of it and sacrificing those matters of form to which exception was taken. It is not for me to say whether I have succeeded in the task; but I think that nothing in any degree offensive to delicate susceptibilities will be found in this present version of *Fécondité*.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus are the publishers.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME's sequel to *Three Men in a Boat*, entitled *Three Men on the Bummel*, will be published on May 1 by Mr. Arrowsmith. The first edition consists of 20,000 copies.

MRS. RICHARD REYNOLDS, of Cliff Lodge, Leeds, who died last Saturday, had been acquainted with some celebrated men. The daughter of Mr. Samuel Marshall, a



Quaker schoolmaster of Appleby, she had formed a friendship with Wordsworth, with whom she had many a walk and talk in the garden of his Grasmere cottage. She also knew Coleridge.

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER, the well-known publisher of Portland, Maine, sends us the following letter which has just been sent to him with a request that he would forward it to the addressee—Edward FitzGerald!

Sidney, O. : April 9, 1900.

MR. EDWARD FITZGERALD,

DEAR SIR,—I am seeking to prepare for issue soon after the close of the present year a new departure in the line of a book of Quotations.

Already there are many compilations of somewhat similar works, but all are mostly devoted to ancient or aged literature, and none entirely, if any even partially, devoted to current literature, as my proposed work, "Quotations from Productions of the Twentieth Century," vol. i., will be.

This work, if I succeed, will contain only quotations from books making their advent in the one year 1900.

The authors quoted and the works quoted from will be duly credited, and no matter will be used without proper consent being obtained.

Thus will quotations keep pace with the times, and thus will the reading public be told who are the writers of to-day and what they are writing, &c.

The work, if published, will be a legitimate book of reference.

The books of 1900 will be so numerous that no one person could be expected to read more than a very small per cent. of them; but I have provided myself with readers, and will procure more—enough to keep even with the tide.

Are you willing to devote your book, *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, to me for reading and use as per above statement?

If so, please forward a copy thereof, together with your consent to the same, to—Yours, &c.,

J. W. CONKLIN.

Mr. Mosher has recently issued a quarter-dollar reprint of the *Rubaiyat*, which has enjoyed a very large sale; and doubtless it is FitzGerald's fate in America, as in England, to be talked about and quoted by people who have no real appreciation of his genius. Mr. Mosher has also received communications for Miss Christina Rossetti, Mr. Walter Pater, Mr. John Addington Symonds, and Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley!

THE Sunderland Public Library has just been presented by Mr. Field Stansfield with a letter written by Charles Dickens to his father, Mr. Clarkson Stansfield, R.A. Dickens describes various visits in one of his reading tours. The weather had been wild all over the country, "whirlwinds everywhere," and Dickens adds this postscript, interesting to Northumbrians:

I wish you could have been with me (of course in a snowstorm) one day on the Pier at Tynemouth. There was a very heavy sea running, and a perfect fleet of Screw-Merchantmen were plunging in and out on the turn of the tide at high water. Suddenly there came a golden horizon, and a most glorious Rainbow burst out, arching one large ship as if she were sailing direct for Heaven. I was so enchanted with the scene that I became oblivious of a few thousand tons of Water coming on in an enormous roller, and was knocked down and beaten over by its spray when it broke, and so completely wetted through and through that the very pockets in my pocket-book were full of sea.

It was at Tynemouth, by the way, that Dickens was tickled by the story of a poor dressmaker who, when a lady, lodging in the same house, sent her up a plate of goose on Christmas Day, returned it with a request that the lady would "disseminate her goose in her own sphere."

In last week's *Londoner* Mr. Owen Seaman has these pleasant verses:

TO MR. AUSTIN DOBSON

AFTER HIMSELF.

(Rondeau of Villon.)

At sixty years, when April's face  
Retrieves, as now, the winter's cold,  
Where tales of other Springs are told  
You keep your courtly pride of place.

Within the circle's charmed space  
You rest unchallenged, as of old,  
At sixty years.

Not Time nor Silence sets its trace  
On golden lyre and voice of gold;  
Our Poets' Poet, still you hold  
The laurels got by no man's grace—  
At sixty years.

MR. J. M. BARRIE, who will attain his fortieth birthday on May 9, is the subject of an article in the *Temple Magazine*. The stories told of him mainly illustrate his wish not to be interviewed, anecdoted, or otherwise disturbed. When asked on one occasion to contribute an account of his life to a volume of "living celebrities," Mr. Barrie began a mock biography thus: "On arrival in London it was Mr. Barrie's first object to make a collection of choice cigars. Though the author of *My Lady Nicotine* does not himself smoke, his grocer's message boy does. Mr. Barrie's pet animal is the whale. He feeds it on ripe chestnuts."

AMERICAN slow humour—as distinct from American slick humour—has its points. Read the following slowly. Read it line by line.

John Henderson lay dying. He was a man of sterling qualities and fair position, a thrifty follower of life's duties, respected by all that knew him. The old family physician bent over his bedside. They had been boys together.

"John," the old doctor spoke huskily, "you are going to die. I have done all that I can. I think I ought to tell you this. I know that you are not afraid of death, but before you go there may be something that you would like to say, or something that you would like to have done. We have known each other all our lives. Tell me if you want anything and it shall be done."

The sick man was silent. He looked toward the open door of the bedroom, moved slightly, and then spoke.

"There's only one thing. And you won't think that it's trivial and foolish, will you, doctor? Fifteen years ago, just as I was becoming old enough to desire some rest and to think I had earned it, I built this house. My oldest daughter was then just coming nineteen. There are, as you know, five others. The youngest is nineteen now. Now, if you don't think it's asking too much, if you will pardon a tired old man's last request, there's just one thing I would like to have you do for me. You say I've got two hours more to live. I wish that you'd take me up and put me on the lounge that stands in the corner of the parlour. I hain't scarcely had a chance to go in there for all these fifteen years, and if it ain't asking too much, and you think I won't discommode the girls more'n I ought to, I'd kind o' like to be in there once for a little while before I die."

THE valuable *Catalogue of Drawings by British Artists* now being compiled by Mr. Lawrence Binyon, who besides being a poet is an assistant in the Print Department of the British Museum, has reached its second (D-H) volume. The name which fills the greatest number of pages is that of John Doyle, the "H. B." of bygone *Punch* numbers. But greater names than Doyle's are, of course, included, as Flaxman, Gainsborough, Girtin, and Hogarth, and, among foreign artists, Hollar and Holbein.

FROM the article on Ruskin in the April *Quarterly Review*: "For tender pathos and exquisite poetry nothing can surpass the touching lines with which he ended his last notes on Turner's drawings:

Morning breaks, as I write, along these Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods and the sleeping village and the long lawns by the lake shore. Oh, that some one had but told me in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed, and all my thoughts should be of those whom by neither I was to meet more."

WHILE in Ireland the Queen accepted a copy of that excellent book *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, by E. A. Somerville and Martin Ross.

MR. JOHN LANE has this week added Browning's *The Statue and the Bust* to the "Flowers of Parnassus" series.

THE Gresham Publishing Company announce that early in May they will reissue *Thompson's Gardener's Assistant* under the editorship of Mr. William Watson. Mr. Watson is an assistant curator at Kew Gardens.

## Bibliographical.

It is impossible to gather from the accounts in the daily papers whether or not Mr. Herman Merivale's "Lyrics of Pericles" (to which I referred the other day) were used in Mr. Coleman's adaptation of the play as performed this week at Stratford-on-Avon. The said "Lyrics" were written specially for the adaptation, into which the element of music was intended to enter largely. Five in number, they do not rise to a very considerable poetic height. Take, for example, these lines in "Thaisa's Dirge":

Thaisa fair, under the cold sea lying,  
Sleeps the long sleep denied to her by Earth;  
We, adding sighs unto the wild winds' sighing,  
With all our mourning under-mourn her worth;  
The white waves toss their crested plumes above her,  
Round sorrowing faces with the salt spray wet,  
All are her lovers that once learned to love her,  
And never may remember to forget.

This last line, I need not say, is much more Victorian than Elizabethan. Better than this is the invocation to Ceres, beginning:

Goddess of the golden horn,  
Plenty's queen when man was born,  
Hear us when we bend the knee,  
To thine high divinity:  
Hear the infant's hungering cry,  
Mothers' prayer no more deny:  
Shed thy store o'er field and town,  
Ceres, send thy blessing down.

Altogether, this endeavour to go hand in hand with Shakespeare was not so successful as could be desired. It is not so easy to collaborate with the Bard. Mr. Swinburne once wrote a song for introduction into performances of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; but, charming as it was (it is preserved in full in Mr. Hollingshead's *Gaiety Chronicles*, page 271), it was not Shakespeare: it was Swinburne, and very good Swinburne too.

Most of the literary talk this week is about Cowper, of whose *Task*, I see, there is a new illustrated edition. There is no getting away from Cowper. Last year there came from America a book about him by Marion Harland—one

of a series called "Literary Hearthstones" (fancy!). From the same generous source we also got last year a selection from the poems. In 1898 there was an illustrated edition of *John Gilpin*; in 1896 came a selection from the poems and a collection of the shorter poems; to 1895 belong an edition of the poems (Aldine) and a selection from the Letters. The last-named had been preceded in 1893 by a compilation of the *Best Letters*, sent over here from the States. Then in 1892 Mr. Wright wrote *Cowper's Life*, Mr. Benham edited his *Letters*, and Mrs. Oliphant edited his *Select Poems*. The two latter additions were to the "Golden Treasury" series; they had appeared originally in 1884 and 1883 respectively. Farther back than that, I think, we need not go, except to mention Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Monograph on Cowper* and Mr. Neve's *Concordance to the Poems* (which came out in 1887).

Two more anthologies are promised—one by "Q.," which is to cover the whole ground of English lyric poetry, and the other by Mr. J. L. Brennan, which is to deal only with the period *From Blake to Arnold*. The latter, I gather, is to illustrate "the romantic revival"; for the former I see no particular *raison d'être*, unless "Q." is going to make a determined effort to supersede *The Golden Treasury*. Moreover, is not Mr. Arber even now in the throes of producing a mammoth anthology of English verse? "Q." has already given us *The Golden Pomp*—the rather affected title of "a procession of English lyrics from Surrey to Shirley." Let us hope that the new collection will not be on so elaborate a scale as that.

Mr. Seaman's rondeau, addressed to Mr. Austin Dobson on the occasion of the latter completing his sixtieth year, is no doubt a neat little piece of work, albeit not very smoothly turned. I should prefer to it Mrs. E. Nisbet's rondeau in celebration of Mr. Dobson, beginning—

Your dainty muse her form arrays  
In soft brocades in bygone days.

J. Russell Lowell penned a rondeau of thanks to Mr. Dobson for a copy of his *Old World Idylls*, but he seemed not to move quite comfortably in the shackles imposed upon him by the "form" adopted. He was hampered, too, by a prosaic "refrain."

The monograph which Mr. Hector Macpherson has written on the subject of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and which is advertised to appear to-day (Friday), is not the first attempt that has been made to popularise Mr. Spencer's career and thought. So recently as 1894 Mr. W. H. Hudson's book on the *Philosophy and Life of Mr. Spencer* was published here, reaching a second edition; and to the same year belongs the appearance of the first part of Mr. F. H. Collins's *Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy*. The issue in 1894 of a little collection of *Aphorisms* from Mr. Spencer's writings may also be said to have done something to introduce the philosopher to "the man in the street."

We are to have a sixpenny edition of *The New Magdalen*, which Wilkie Collins published originally in 1873. Considering how large an advertisement the book has had through the medium of the dramatised version, in which Miss Ada Cavendish and (latterly) Miss Janet Achurch were so popular, it is a little surprising that the story has not had a greater vogue. I am open to correction if wrong, but I fancy there has been no fresh edition of the work since 1874, though, of course, there may have been many reprints from stereotypes.

I see that Messrs. Chatto & Windus announce the imminent publication of a story by Mrs. Pender Cudlip entitled *Comrades True*. Now, a tale named *Comrades True* was issued in 1891 by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, who would have, I suppose, some ground of complaint against Mrs. Cudlip if she now used the title.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## "The Divine Chit-Chat of Cowper."

*The Letters of Cowper.* Bohn's Libraries. (G. Bell & Sons.)

*Cowper's Letters.* "Golden Treasury" Series. (Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.)

CHARLES LAMB's remark, that he could call no man his friend who was offended by the divine chit-chat of Cowper, has, after what has been already a long life of usefulness, during the current week been a good deal overworked. A Cowper Centenary such as is now raging at Olney was bound to bring it forth, for no one else has put the case so well. "The divine chit-chat of Cowper" is the exact phrase. Turning over the four volumes of the poet's Life and epistolary prattle in Bohn's Library (as we have been doing again the past few nights), the truth of Lamb's position is more and more apparent to us. Not to care much about these letters is a natural and conceivable enough state of things for many good minds to confess to; but to be offended by them? The man who should be offended by them was truly out of the Elian circle of sympathies.

While yielding to no one in affection for Cowper's letters, we admit to a conviction that a sympathetic yet strongly blue-pencilled editor would certainly do them no harm. Side by side with a pellucid stream of good sense and good humour trickles a rivulet of Huntingdon small beer which could be diverted out of the volumes without injury. We do not mean such an excellent piece of humorous writing as the account of the invasion of the poet's home by the parliamentary candidate—a passage from which Dickens may have learnt something—of which this is a portion:

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts; and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a ribbon from his buttonhole.

That is Cowper's happiest descriptive manner; happiest and least restricted. The amused satirical mind is at play and enjoying the game. But only now and then do we get anything so unusual as the visit of a candidate or the escape of a hare. A selection of Cowper's Letters does, of course, exist: the excellent little volume in the "Golden Treasury" series; but there is still much to be done to prepare a serviceable and convenient edition which should answer the purpose of the "general reader."

Yet as to what the general reader knows, or thinks, or needs of Cowper, we are not competent to speak. "John Gilpin" has fortunately become a nursery classic, so that it is impossible to avoid that; but, after "John Gilpin,"

who has read through "The Task"? Who knows (remember that we are speaking of "general readers") even the subject of "Tirocinium"? The exquisite lines on receiving his mother's picture are still read, few collections of poetry being without them, and the same may be said for a few of the shorter pieces, such as "The Loss of the *Royal George*" and "The Dog and the Water Lily," and the translation of Vincent Bourne's "Jackdaw." But in how many homes are *Cowper's Poems* household words to-day? And yet his message is still what it was; and the world has altered not at all, except on the surface, and no one is doing his work better. The debt which English poetry owes to Cowper is considerable, for he was the first acceptable revolutionist against the artifice that held the muse captive for so long before his day. We say acceptable, because, strictly speaking, Crabbe came before Cowper, but for every one reader that Crabbe had Cowper must have numbered fifty. Cowper was the first acceptable eighteenth-century poet to go straight to nature. It is with the names of Wordsworth and Coleridge that the great revolt is associated; but Cowper came before them. Cowper's work was done almost before the "Lyrical Ballads" were talked of between the two young enthusiasts walking in the Quantock Hills. That is, of course, all right. Most, if not all, great movements have had a humble foreshadower before the critical time and the chosen force arrive, and Cowper was the last man to want public praise. "I am merry," he wrote to Newton concerning "Table Talk," "that I may decoy people into my company, and grave that they may be the better for it." That expresses his ambition. And to-day, no less than ever, it is well to be decoyed into the company of this kindly, keen-eyed, witty, poetical gentleman, whether his medium is the limpid verse of his poetry, or the easy, crystal, clear prose of his letters.

For how perfect a control of words he has for the expression of his divine chit-chat! No matter what he has to say, whether he describes an Olney neighbour, or the sudden apparition of the hunt as he walks abroad, or the health of Mrs. Unwin, or his views on Pope, or discusses a religious point with one of his correspondents, he is always the same, always deliberate and perspicuous and musical, and yet forceful. It is the prose of everyday life carried out to its highest power. Let us give a few excerpts taken almost as we find them. First, a glimpse of the poet at home (in 1782) in a letter to Joseph Hill:

How different is the complexion of your evenings and mine!—yours, spent amid the ceaseless hum that proceeds from the inside of fifty noisy and busy periwigs; mine, by a domestic fireside, in a retreat as silent as retirement can make it; where no noise is made but what we make for own amusement. For instance here are two rustics, and your humble servant in company. One of the ladies has been playing on the harpsichord, while I, with the other, have been playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A little dog, in the meantime, howling under the chair of the former, performed, in the vocal way, to admiration. This entertainment over, I began my letter, and having nothing more important to communicate, have given you an account of it.

Such was Cowper's life for years and years, varied only by his occasional lapses into melancholia. Here is a criticism:

I return you many thanks for Boswell's Tour. I read it to Mrs. Unwin after supper, and we find it amusing. There is much trash in it, as there must always be in every narrative that relates indiscriminately all that passed. But now and then the Doctor speaks like an oracle, and that makes amends for all. Sir John was a coxcomb, and Boswell is not less a coxcomb, though of another kind. I fancy Johnson made coxcombs of all his friends, and they in return made him a coxcomb; for, with reverence be it spoken, such he certainly was, and flattered as he was, he was sure to be so.

Here is a pleasant fancy forming part of an apology for

having so little time in which to write letters. Cowper wonders how the antediluvians found the days go :

I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats' milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stripped off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough; I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the meantime the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this?

Finally, a sentiment not without pertinence to-day, when discussions concerning patriotism often rage too fiercely :

Mr. Newton and I are of one mind on the subject of patriotism. Our dispute was no sooner begun than it ended. It would be well, perhaps, if, when two disputants begin to engage, their friends would hurry each into a separate chaise, and order them to opposite points of the compass. Let one travel twenty miles east, the other as many west; then let them write their opinions by the post. Much altercation and chafing of the spirit would be prevented; they would sooner come to a right understanding, and running away from each other, would carry on the combat more judiciously, in exact proportion to the distances.

Let us hope that the Cowper Centenary will prompt many persons to turn their attention to Cowper's letters.

### A United Italy.

*A History of Italian Unity: being a Political History of Italy from 1814 to 1871.* By Bolton King, M.A. 2 vols. (Nisbet.)

"It is easy to demonstrate that an united Italy has had its disappointments; it would be easier to prove that a divided Italy would have had more." The reader of Mr. Bolton King's two portly volumes will cordially endorse this latter opinion. Nor will it need the eight hundred pages which Mr. King has covered to convince him. The history of Italy from the invasion of the Barbarians down to the middle of the nineteenth century is only less confusing in its complexity than the history of Germany over the same period, in that the factors were, perhaps, somewhat more permanent. It is difficult to write the history of either Germany or Italy as of an undivided whole, for the theoretical bonds which did exist were only retained because they did not bind, and the central points exercised a centrifugal rather than a centripetal influence. Hence, in any case, a history of Italy is a formidable work. The wealth of new material on which Mr. King has drawn must have greatly increased the magnitude of the task which he set himself. The result is a vast storehouse of accumulated and ordered historical facts in the history of modern Italy, put together with the consummate skill of a trained historian, and written down with very consider-

able attention to the form of composition. But to the ordinary reader such detailed treatment is forbidding. The whole tone of the book presupposes such an acquaintance with the history of modern Europe, and of Italy in particular, that even fairly well informed readers will probably find themselves soon out of their depth. The fact is, that Mr. King has assumed too hastily that his readers are as enamoured of the subject as he is himself, while he is also conscious that he is telling the story of the struggle for Italian unity to the British public for practically the first time at any considerable length. Thus, the author must not be surprised if he speaks only to a limited audience. The compensation will be, we fear, not to his pocket, but to his pride of authorship; for it is a book that should be possessed by every public library and every private one that can afford it, while no future historian of Europe in the nineteenth century will be able or, indeed, will want to ignore it.

Recent events have helped to cement the bonds between Italy and England. An Englishman has no thought about Italy but to wish her well. Her manifest unrest and insecure unity fill him with nothing but apprehension and sorrow. But perhaps, on the contrary, the fact that she has got so far on her road towards unity ought to give him ground for much hope. That a great deal yet remains to be done before the Sicilian and the Lombard feel themselves really part of the same nationality is quite true; but of the vast difficulties already overcome on the road towards such a consummation this book is a record. We have long ago consecrated the great names associated in idea, though by no means always in practice, with the great achievement. Mr. King does not remove any of them—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel—from the pedestal to which popular fame has raised them, but he shows them in their weakness as well as in their strength. The hero of the first volume is Mazzini, of the second Cavour; for the note of the time to 1849 was aspiration, that of the following years achievement. "The movement," says Mr. King, "that Mazzini and Gioberti and Pius (IX.) had inspired had been essentially religious. . . . Their generation praised God; the new generation thought more of keeping its powder dry. . . . Mazzini flinched from no sacrifice. . . . The new movement . . . put its faith in discipline." Hence Mazzini in his later years descended into a vulgar conspirator, and did more harm than good to the great cause. The fact was that he was a theoretical republican. "In the Republic Mazzini saw the ideal Commonwealth, where privilege was banished, where the poor were made the State's first care, where association and education opened an infinite vista of progress." But Italy needed the strongest of monarchies, strong enough to command the confidence of the great body of the Italian people, and skilful enough to pursue a cunning and successful foreign policy. Nevertheless it is true that "it was Mazzini's faith that made a united Italy possible, that led even beyond the existing fact, beyond the schemes of federation, that till now had been the utmost bourn of national hope, on to what seemed the utopian and impossible, but which his teaching was to make the gospel of the nation. Only through unity, he believed and made them believe, could Italy be strong and democratic; only when Rome became her capital could she hold her place among the nations of Europe, and teach a nobler ideal of government." Again, Mr. King says finely of Mazzini: "He had the genius to see that men require unselfish motives to stir them to noble deeds, that they will never rise above themselves save for a great and good cause, that it needs some sacred idea which goes to the souls of men, to move them to action that means loss of love or home or life."

Cavour reaped what Mazzini and his followers had sowed. "He had his ideals, but he kept them to himself, and . . . he rarely allowed himself to be drawn a step beyond what the practical opportunities of the moment



warranted. His object was to make the constitution march." "Open-minded opportunist" that he was, for him the unity of Italy was bound up with monarchy and the predominance of the House of Piedmont. The political end was to be attained somehow, and it was attained, but rather as a gift from a magnanimous patron in the shape of the French Emperor than as a spontaneous effort of the Italian people. Hence came most of the difficulties of subsequent years. For Mazzini's ideal Italy would have had to wait long generations, and it might have worked out in a shape that he would have been the first to repudiate, but one is almost inclined to believe that the resulting unity would have been sounder and more natural than the somewhat hasty and artificially created unity which we see.

It is true that outside circumstances were not propitious. Cavour's death removed at a critical moment the one man who held all the necessary diplomatic threads. Napoleon III. gave assistance which was both indispensable and deplorably mischievous. Almost the one stroke of luck was the Crimean War, of which Cavour took such magnificent advantage to assert the right of his country to a place in the councils of Europe. No less mischievous than the French Emperor was Pope Pius IX. His undignified attitude increased the sympathy for Italian unity in neutral Europe, and did untold harm to his own Church, if not to the cause of religion itself. To Garibaldi was due the union of Naples and Sicily with the rest of the kingdom. After that was accomplished, he was a restless and mischievous free-lance. Finally, Victor Emmanuel—"a rough, good-natured, bad-tempered man, of phenomenal ugliness, plain, almost boorish, in his tastes, without a trace of genius, but with a certain robust, direct common sense"—enables us to understand the limits of Italian unity. There was little idealism about the result. Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Napoleon III.—a less idealistic trio perhaps scarcely ever existed. But the unity has been achieved, however artificial, and common sense would seem to dictate its maintenance. Naturally the way in which a real unity shall be ultimately attained must be left to the Italians themselves, but Mr. King's excellent book will help their many English sympathisers to understand and appreciate the magnitude of the work that still remains to be done.

### Old Wives' Tales.

*Storyology: Essays in Folk-lore, Sea-lore, and Plant-lore.*  
By Benjamin Taylor. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. TAYLOR does not affect to treat scientifically the subject of folk-lore. His object is professedly popular. He has been content to present his reader with certain posies of old-world superstitions, gathered under a few broad divisions, which are largely indicated by the title. Nevertheless he cannot resist a little dalliance with the theory of myths; and he plumps boldly for the purely material view of their origin from the soil, from actual things, persons, and events. Plurality of interpretation is a scandal to him. In his modern, analytical prepossession that a single thing can have but a single significance, he overlooks the possibility that a myth may, in the mind of its inventors and early understanders, have had several meanings, all parallel or cognate. The sky may have been "an airy, infinite, radiant vault," as a matter of literal knowledge, yet symbolically a person; nor would this prevent it, for the convenience of another myth, assuming the association of "a material roof." How can they be all right? may be a natural question; but the thing is possible. It is the old story of the two sides of the shield. Only the mythological shield has many more than two sides.

Mr. Taylor does, in dealing with the rod, admit that it was obviously a sign of authority, and that its origin was

symbolic; but he is far to seek when he tries to determine that origin, suggesting Noah's olive-branch, Aaron's rod, and what not. Not to go too far into the matter, the rod was connected with the tree, and so symbolised vital potency or *energeia* (in the Greek sense). A man's rod signified the special potency, the *sap*, that was in him as an individual—what we should now call his personality. With this concurred the uses of the rod or staff, as support or weapon; for a man's vital potency was alike his stay, his strength, and his source of effect or compulsion upon others—of authority upon others. The king's rod showed the divine potency in him as king. And the material of the rod showed the kind of power symbolised—gold, divine power; the reed (brittle, and growing in the waters) mere natural power, and so forth.

But we will not "consider too curiously," as Horatio says; the more that explanation is not Mr. Taylor's strong point. Let us rather gather a handful of the picturesque superstitions which he has pleasantly collated. The moon is one of his most interesting themes. We protest, however, at the outset against the unprincipled attempt of Mr. Baring-Gould to lay a mythological hand upon unoffending and innocent nursery-rhyme. Jack and Jill are wondrously traced to a Scandinavian Hjúki and Bil, who were caught up by the moon as they were carrying a pitcher of water from the well Brygir. With a refinement of sacrilege, Mr. Baring-Gould proceeds to reduce Jack and Jill to moon-spots, and to suggest that their successive falls represent the consecutive vanishing of the moon-spots. And doubtless the cow which vaulted the same luminary was the cow of Isis, nor is it dubious that the invocation to the cat may have had some obscure connexion with the puss-headed Pasht—come the fiddle whence it may!—and, in short, the possibilities are too frightful. This kind of thing, at least, must be resisted.

It is more humanising to read that country lasses sat astride stiles to greet the new moon with—"A fine moon! God bless her!" as if she were a new-born child. The Samoan man-in-the-moon, by the way, is a woman (if we may be suffered the bull). She was one Sina, who was cutting mulberry-bark for cloth, in a famine-time, with her child by her. Up rose the full moon—like a great bread-fruit, thought Samoan Sina. "Why cannot you come down and let my child have a bit of you?" she asked—rash-tongued, for the moon, irate at being considered edible, came down with a vengeance, and took the whole "show" (as our cousins say) up with her. In the full moon the Samoans still see Sina and her child's face, and her board and mallet. Now (though Mr. Taylor does not notice this) the name Sina is simply a feminised form of Sin, the old Canaanitish moon-god, who has left his name on the Desert of Sin (traversed by the Israelites) and in many other forms. It is interesting to find that "glamour" really rises from the association of the moon with magic. *Glam*, in the nominative form *glámir*, is a poetical word in the prose Edda of India, which was, it seems, an old name for the moon. There is a charming legend of Southern India, told by Miss Frere, which accounts for why the sun is blazing and avoided (by Hindoos), the wind parching and abominable in the hot weather, but the moon grateful, bright, and cool. Gluttony is at the bottom of it. They are all children of a very distant star, it appears, and one day they went to dine with their uncle and aunt, the Thunder and Lightning. (Most unexpected relatives!) Sun and Wind ate all they could, but the Moon put away bits of everything for the mother under her beautiful long finger-nails. (Heaven save the lady's husband from a predestinate scratched face, as Beatrice would say!) When they got home, Sun and Wind not only had nothing in answer to their mother's inquiries whether they had remembered her at dinner, but "cheeked" her into the bargain. Moon, however, with a bright smile, shook her hands, and showered down the finest

feast ever was seen. Wherefore their mother cursed the Sun and Wind, but gave perpetual blessing to the Moon. A more home-association is recalled by the recent passage of Good Friday; for the hot-cross bun is nothing but a Christianised relic of the cakes which the Jewish exiles (in Jeremiah) offered to the "Queen of Heaven." These had the image of the goddess, instead of the cross; and moon-cakes are still made in China during the great moon-festival of the eight month.

The sea affords Mr. Taylor another plentiful crop, but, on the whole, of less interest than might be looked for. It is largely connected with odd derivations. It is odd, for example, to learn that the John Dory was supposed to be the very fish from which St. Peter took the coin for the temple-tribute; and the two marks on either side the mouth are the impressions of the Apostle's thumb and forefinger, wherewith he drew it from the sea. Now, St. Peter being the door-keeper of Heaven, John Dory is just a corruption of *janitors*. "Mother Cary's chickens" are from the mediæval belief that those birds were the Madonna's storm warning, "Mother Cary" being *Mater Cara*, the "Beloved Mother." "Davy Jones's Locker" requires a mighty deal of believing. "Davy" is traced to the Hindu *Devas*, regarded as evil spirits—from which root is our Devil. "Jones" is identified with Jonah, who was marooned in a desert whale; while the "locker" is (toughest of all) traced to *Loki*, the Scandinavian spirit of ill, who might be supposed to have his receptacle for lost souls at the bottom of the sea.

Perhaps that morsel will suffice for the reader's present digestion. Mr. Taylor's book is readable and gossipy, and will pass an agreeable hour for such as are interested in "old wives' tales" without caring to study them deeply or scientifically—if science can be predicated with regard to our present knowledge of the subject. And to more than this it does not pretend.

### Edwardus Gratiopus.

*The History of Edward the Third.* By James Mackinnon, Ph.D. (Longmans.)

DR. MACKINNON'S monograph is based on "the investigation of contemporary evidence," and, if an apology for writing once more the history of Edward the Third is required, it may be found in the number of "new or improved sources" made available during recent years. Not only have many of the minor chronicles of the fourteenth century been issued in the "Rolls" series, or in corresponding Scotch, French, and Belgian collections, but even Froissart himself has been, as Dr. Mackinnon puts it, "re-created" in the magnificent editions founded upon contemporary texts of M. Luce and Baron de Lettenhowe.

Dr. Mackinnon's volume is by no means an eulogy of Edward the Third. He realises the bigness of the man, "the incarnation of the aggressive English spirit," who had the will and the strength to make the history of England practically the history of Western Europe for half a century. But it is his final judgment, as it must surely be that of every unprejudiced student of the period, that the energy was misapplied and misdirected, and that the policy which threw France and Scotland into flames is one of the more disastrous examples of the craving of kings for aggrandisement. Dr. Mackinnon, indeed, is no drum and trumpet historian. He is a little impatient with the details of marches and slaughters; and, having lifted the veil of chivalry, holds it but in scant respect. "In the wars of Edward III.," says Hallam, "originating in no real animosity, the spirit of honourable as well as courteous behaviour towards the foe seemed to have reached its highest point." But Dr. Mackinnon somewhat grimly points out that the courtesy soon vanishes when you get on

the actual track of one of Edward's expeditions, with its invariable accompaniment of wasted fields, and burned villages, and violated women. The trappings of chivalry and romance, however, are certainly not wanting throughout the reign. Imposing in appearance, and of fascinating bearing, the king himself well became a pageant. *Edwardus Gratiopus*—Edward the Graceful—the chroniclers call him, although history has not adopted the epithet. In the court feasts of the reign, elaborate heraldic and chivalric ceremonial reached its highest point. The establishment, in imitation of King Arthur at Tintagel, of a Round Table, and that some years later of the still surviving Order of the Garter, are familiar events. Froissart, indeed, confused them, but they are distinct. Less known is the story of the "Vow of the Heron," taken by Edward in 1337, before the Hundred Years' War began. The instigator was Robert of Artois.

One day Robert went a-hunting with his falcon and caught a heron, with which he entered the royal banquetting hall at London, where Edward was holding high festival in honour of his guest, John of Hainault. Robert presented the bird to the king, saying that he offered the most timid of birds to the least courageous of monarchs, for had Edward been a man of spirit he would ere now have laid claim to the crown of France. The king reflected a little. "It is not true," replied he at length, "that I am wanting in courage. I was maliciously deceived when I did homage at Amiens to Philip of Valois. But now I vow to God, to the heron, and to the queen, that before a year has run I shall place on her head the crown of France, even if I have but one Englishman to oppose to six Frenchmen." At this Robert laughed a loud and grim laugh, and calling a damsel from the banquetting-table, placed the heron in her hands, and besought her to aid him to bear it manfully in war, like King Porus, who long ago had sworn on a peacock, borne by a young lady fair. He then conducted her before the queen, the Earls of Salisbury, Hereford, and Suffolk, the Bishops of Durham and Lincoln, the Lord of Fauquemont and Walter de Manny, who each vowed on the heron to carry war into the kingdom of France. He next turned to John of Hainault, who would fain have excused himself, saying, with unchivalrous bluntness, that he would serve whoever would pay best. At which the English lords laughed heartily, and ultimately John of Hainault took the vow with the rest, the queen adding that, with the sanction of her husband, she vowed to God and the heron that if the king crossed the sea to vindicate his rights, she would follow him in his travels.

Dr. Mackinnon, we think, takes this picturesque narrative rather seriously as history; but at least it illustrates the temper of the fourteenth century chroniclers and their public.

We find in Dr. Mackinnon's book a learned, a judicious, and not an unentertaining treatment of its subject. The style is, perhaps, a little uncouth, more particularly when he gambols. Carlyle would appear to have still his hold upon the Scotch imagination, and you recognise him, but how far off, in such a passage as the following:

Once more, what a fool of a world is this misguided fourteenth century. Clearly lunatic, and, as is always the case with lunatics, unconscious of the fact. Otherwise we should not find sanguinary clerics ascribing to "our Lord" the honour of such savage orgies, and giving thanks to God accordingly. Heigho! what a perverted moral sense sometimes lurks under stole and tunic.

Nor can we commend the absence of an index, and of what is rapidly becoming recognised as no less essential in a work of erudition than an index, a bibliography or hand list of authorities.



## Discreet Satire.

*The Trials of the Bantocks.* By G. S. Street. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

It is Mr. Street's pleasant way to assume in his books, with unusual skill and verisimilitude, objectionable characteristics that are really foreign to his nature. In his *Autobiography of a Boy* he played at being a hateful, and very kickable little decadent pig. In the present work he is a social parasite, a tame cat, a flatterer attached to a wealthy upper middle-class family. This position enables him to see all that passes and afterwards to record it. As, for the most part, there is nothing to see but selfishness and paltriness, snobbishness and greed, the result would be monotonous indeed were it not for Mr. Street's happy equipment of the historian with a gift of toadyism that causes him to view such displays with approbation. His unassailable belief in the perfection of Mrs. Bantock in spite of every evidence to the contrary, and the naïve manner in which this belief is stated, save the situation, so that what is a merciless indictment of the indulgence and spiritual apathy of the unthinking and self-righteous rich is also a work of amusing humour.

The book is, however, too long. Two, at least, of the episodes might well have been omitted. The man who slapped Mr. Bantock on the back is a stage figure not worthy of a place in Mr. Street's first-hand gallery, and the account of the athletic sports is singularly unprovocative of laughter and not in the least convincing. We can neither believe that Mr. Bantock would have joined the sack race nor that he would have won it. Mr. Street might also have deleted certain repetitions, and we doubt if the chapter entitled "Moss" is quite necessary to the picture. But for the rest we have nothing but praise. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the "Ordeal of Russell Bantock." We quote part of the description of Russell Bantock which serves as preamble to his great trial:

His private income is at present only two thousand a year, and in his opinion that is an insufficient sum on which, in his position, to marry; in a few years it will be considerably increased, and then, I believe, he will add his influence to the institution of matrimony; in fact, I know that he has already fixed on his future house, though not yet on the lady. In this matter he is wisely careful not to commit himself, being aware that in the course of a few years his inclinations might change—unless, indeed, a peculiarly desirable person (in point of rank or money) were to be attainable, in which case he has told me in confidence that he might hurry matters to an earlier issue. I need hardly say that he belongs to two irreproachable clubs. He has little time for literary cultivation, but keeps up an acquaintance with contemporary letters by reading the reviews of new books in the *Times*, and he has told me that he would be quite charmed to meet a few of the better-known writers of the period, simply as writers, and not counting those whose social position would make them in any case people one likes to know. In fact, Russell is an accomplished and admirable example of English young manhood: he is business-like and far-seeing, and, not disdaining the amusements natural to his years, he pursues them with unvarying discretion.

The ordeal was the necessity, one Sunday morning in the height of the season, to walk up Piccadilly in a frock-coat surmounted by a pot hat. Another member of Russell's club had accidentally taken his tall hat, leaving only the pot hat in place. Russell would have taken a cab had not Lord X. suddenly accosted him and asked him to walk his way for the purpose of discussing the conditions attaching to the grouse moor which Mr. Bantock thought of renting from his lordship. As Mr. Street says, "You see the tragedy."

I have always admired the Spartan boy who said nothing of the fox that gnawed his vitals, but what was he to Russell Bantock? I watched him; his face was calm; every now and then he made an intelligible reply to Lord X. But, of course, when he had an opportunity,

he stopped for a moment to explain his distressing costume to his friends. And even that slight mitigation was presently denied him. After the third occasion Lord X., with almost inconceivable brutality, exclaimed: "If you mention that hat again I shall smash it in; I'm sick of it." Russell bit his lip, but took the brutal hint. Not a word of reproach did he say, and he was only twenty-six years old!

## A Melancholy Economist.

*The Psychology of Socialism.* By Gustave Le Bon. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

M. GUSTAVE LE BON in this volume bases his whole case against Socialism on the assumption that Socialism is a religion, differing from most religions in that immediate material gain takes the place of the hope of immortality. But as he believes that it is vain to try to suppress a religion, we are at a loss to understand why he has written a book of over 400 pages to prove the contrary. Perhaps the explanation is that he cannot reconcile what is logically, on his hypothesis, inevitable with the meliorism which his study of politics has forced upon him.

This self-stultification continually appears. For example, permitting himself to hope that regeneration might come to the Latin bureaucratic nations by way of education, he forgets for a moment his fatalism; but, suddenly recovering, he adds characteristically that a reform of education "would imply this veritable miracle—the transformation of the national mind." Again, after beseeching his readers to do their utmost to keep Socialism from being tried in their country, he smiles at his own counsels, knowing that they "are perhaps as vain as the vows made to an invalid whose days have been numbered by fate." The interest of the volume is in the revelation it gives us of M. Gustave Le Bon's philosophic bias.

The truth is, that Socialism is much less a faith to-day than it was at the time of the French Revolution, and consequently it is much more reasonable in its demands. M. Gustave Le Bon does not think that there is any considerable Socialistic faction in England. He forgets, probably, that the democracy here uses its "dangerous" men and puts them into positions of trust—a more excellent way than thrusting them into prison or suppressing free speech. We must not forget to mention that M. Gustave Le Bon does not find that Democracy tends towards Socialism: on the contrary, he believes that the liberty and free competition which are the characteristics of the Democracies of England and America make for individualism. This is very loose thinking; collectivism and individualism must necessarily in complex Democracies run side by side. It is difficult to realise that at any stage of the political evolution either individualism or collectivism could be perfectly eliminated. So long as human nature has a social as well as an individual element so long will it surround itself with institutions which shall express this duality. A better title for the book would have been "Economic Facts and Fancies"; the Socialism here treated is decidedly obsolescent, and the Psychology—the little there is of it—is superficial.

M. Gustave Le Bon in his last two books, *The Crowd* and *The Psychology of Peoples*, showed his mastery in what might be called "drag-net" psychology. He has a fine intelligence for seizing and contrasting racial characteristics; for analysing the emotions and elementary concepts of a crowd; but he lacks the dexterity and microscopic sight which is able to distinguish slight variations between group and group. "When people are gathered together to consider a question of politics, religions, or morals, they are the dead, not the living, who discuss. They are the souls of their ancestors that speak from their mouths, and their words are the echoes of the eternal voices of the dead, to which the living are always obedient." It is in such writing as this that M. Gustave Le Bon is at his best.

## Other New Books.

THE GREAT GAME.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

Edward Spencer is the name on the cover, but the title-page lets us into the secret that this is but a mere private appellation, the name by which the author is known to the postman and Kelly's Directory. Publicly Mr. Spencer is Nathaniel Gubbins, of the *Sporting Life* or *Pink 'Un*, and in that capacity numbers readers and admirers who are as the sands on the seashore for multitude. *The Great Game* seems to represent the first skimming of the milk-pan of Mr. Spencer's recollections of the turf during the past thirty years, for it cannot by any means exhaust his memories or impressions. Not a dull page, not a dull paragraph, is there in this cheery, slangful work. The whole turf is mirrored here: its good humour, its cynicism, its philosophy, its easy morality, its enthusiasms, its jokes. Here is a glimpse of Leviathan Davies, one of the old bookmakers who had the grand manner:

It is safe to prophesy that we shall never again see the like of Davies in a betting-ring. Possessed of an unusual stock of energy and unusual powers as a ready reckoner, a stranger to fatigue and fear, he was absolutely unique as a layer of odds. Amongst the earliest recollections of the writer's is a day on Newmarket Heath in the fifties. And as I write I can see the stiff, portly figure of the then Marquis of Exeter, as, mounted on a bald-faced cob, he entered the outer circle of what was then the betting-ring. At that period there was hardly a suspicion of the tumult which now prevails on the reserved lawn; and fielders, for the most part, instead of bellowing their wants, used to wait till a customer approached them.

"Is Mr. Davies here?" inquired the Marquis, in most courteous tones; and very soon the Leviathan was facing him on the other side of the railings.

"What can I do for you, m'lord?"

"What odds do you offer against my horse?" inquired the noble owner of—, I forget the animal's name, but it was one of the family of "Knights" who used to carry the Stockwell colours.

"D'you want it to money, m'lord?"

"Certainly," said the marquis.

"I'll bet you £10,000 to £3,000, m'lord."

"Write it down, then," said the white-chokered noble, who turned his cob's head and cantered off.

Mr. Spencer's chapter entitled "Under the Seat" should be valuable to students of current slang. Altogether an amusing and entertaining book. (Richards. 5s.)

EVOLUTION.

BY FRANK B. JEVONS.

Whatever he writes upon, whether it be primitive religion, Greek archaeology and literature, or metaphysics, Dr. Jevons never fails of being at least interesting. His present volume, which appears in "The Churchman's Library," and may be said to belong to the metaphysic of apologetics, is no less thoughtful and no less ingenious than its predecessors. That it is logically sound we cannot bring ourselves to think; and the margins of our copy are peppered with signs of interrogation and dissent. It is Dr. Jevons's desire to show that the processes of evolution in the physical world are not, as Huxley urged, indifferent to man's ideals of the good, or, as he puts it theologically, that "the process of evolution is a revelation of Divine love." He attempts to prove this by an analysis of religious faith, which he regards as having precisely the same amount of logical justification as the "faith" which he asserts that men of science place in the "Uniformity of Nature," and which is presupposed in the scientific theory of evolution itself. This seems to us very hazardous reasoning. The faith in Uniformity, so far as it is an intellectual necessity at all, is only justified so long as the fact of Uniformity remains uncontradicted. A single well-authenticated miracle would destroy it at once. Faith in the omnipotence of good is, on the other hand,

contradicted daily by the existence of evil. We do not, of course, speak in either case of subjective faith, but only of its logical or pseudo-logical basis. We do not find Dr. Jevons convincing, but his book deserves the careful consideration of all who are interested in such metaphysical problems. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

A HISTORICAL COMMENTARY

ON ST. PAUL'S

EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS.

BY W. M. RAMSAY, D.C.L.

Prof. Ramsay, who has the rare merit of combining with his profound scholarship a certain grace of style and the fire of real enthusiasm, is concerned mainly with the question who those Galatians were to whom St. Paul addressed his letter. Commentators have been as unanimous as it is in the nature of commentators to be in holding that St. Paul's converts dwelt in the cities of Northern Galatia. The Aberdeen professor, whose knowledge of historical Asia Minor is unrivalled, exhaustively examines the evidences bearing, however remotely, upon the status and conditions of Northern Galatia with reference to the phrasing of the Epistle. And he clinches his argument in favour of the South Galatian communities by two or three striking considerations. What was the effect of the letter? On the North Galatian hypothesis, nothing; for the silence of the author of the Acts can be explained only by the supposition that these churches were lost to Paulinistic Christianity and that in kindness the painful episode was passed over lightly by the historian. This Dr. Ramsay refuses to believe of "this unique and marvellous letter, which embraces in its six short chapters such a variety of vehement and intense emotions as could probably not be paralleled in any other work." To suppose it unsuccessful were "to despair of Paul."

The letter, with its commanding and almost autocratic tone—though I feel and confess that these adjectives are too strong and ignore the emotion, and sympathy, and love which breathe through the words and take much of the sting from them—is one that could be justified only by success. If it failed, then it deserved to fail. No man has any right to use such a tone to other men unless it is the suitable and best tone for their good; and the issue is the only test whether it was suitable and best.

It will be seen that Dr. Ramsay has the precious power of imagination. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

TENNYSON AS A

RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

BY C. F. G. MASTERMAN, M.A.

Mr. Masterman's elaborate contribution to the "copious literature" that has gathered round Tennyson is perhaps hardly justified by the importance, in itself and for itself, of the poet's religious thinking. He lived, indeed, in a current of ideas, and always regarded himself as a thinker. But ideas were of importance to him mainly as they affected his imagination, and he was capable of holding contradictories in solution without any very great mental distress. He was carried along with, rather than led, the stream of contemporary thought. Mr. Masterman's liberal quotations make it clear, moreover, that the poems in which Tennyson was most occupied with ideas are by no means those in which he reached his highest pitch of literary excellence. The book, however, is a serious and a thoughtful, and a well-reasoned book. Mr. Masterman comprehends the scheme of Tennyson's religion and personal and social ethics probably more lucidly and justly than he ever comprehended them himself: and the study, just because Tennyson was so little removed from the plane of thought of ordinary men, becomes of interest as an account of tendencies and compromises of thought common to many more or less speculative minds of the last generation. They are not the tendencies or the compromises prevalent just now, because we are of another generation. But they helped to make us, and have at least an historic interest. (Methuen.)



## BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

In giving to the world a number of letters, and a mass of *Notes on Sport and Travel* (Macmillan), written by her father, George H. Kingsley, Miss Mary Kingsley sketches in her pleasant, hearty way the characteristics of the three Kingsley brothers, Charles, Henry, and George. They were all remarkable men; but Miss Kingsley claims that her father was "certainly the happiest of the three brothers." He was a born wanderer, and it was his delight as a medical student to be done with the term's work at the hospital, shoulder a knapsack, and be off for a long, solitary ramble through Germany, Switzerland, or Austria, the Rhineland or the Thüringen Wald, and the remote Carpathians. He had wide, quick sympathies, and asked nothing of life but variety and freedom. His power of adapting himself to all surroundings and companies was intuitive and remarkable. "He could listen with rapt attention to the poems of a German school-master, comparing them to every effort of the Teutonic lyre, from Anne Mariechen up to Bekrantz mit Laub. He could talk about guns with the foresters; he could crack jokes with Herr Wirth and flirt with his rosy-cheeked daughters; and doubtless, even in those immature days, he put into practice his favourite precept for travellers, and also for men who stay at home: 'Always make love to the old ladies.'" In later years George Kingsley's wanderings took a world-wide range; he was much in the South Seas, much in the Canadian forests; he cruised on a British warship, and indulged in "sub-glacial angling" far north, Labrador way. This record completes a trilogy of fame, and for its own sake was well worth giving to the world, for it is the portrait of a true Englishman.—*The Caroline Islands: Travel in the Sea of the Little Lands* (Methuen). Mr. F. W. Christian gives us a learned and voluminous description of the islands forming the great Caroline group. His book is a serious ethnological and scientific account of islands which have hitherto been familiarised to us in the books of Stevenson and Louis Becke, from both of whom he received valuable advice. But Mr. Christian's master in South Sea exploration is the German traveller and naturalist J. S. Kubary, who, although little known to fame, spent many years in unobtrusive painstaking work among the islands of the Pacific. Mr. Christian's special theme is the lonely island of Ponape, with a mysterious ruined city on its east coast—a South Sea Pompeii—which he will not believe was the work of pirates or early Spanish voyagers, but to which he ascribes an interesting and complex native origin—supporting his views by ethnological and philological arguments, which can probably be rightly weighed only by a few German students. Mr. Christian's book is a mass of rare information, of patiently accumulated detail in archaeology, folk-lore, natural history, and geography. But the glamour of the islands is not lost on him: "Like Stevenson in Apemama 'I heard the pulse of the besieging sea,' sound sweet to the ears of those who dwell in the little sea-girt lands."—To all who are contemplating a tour in the lovely and richly interesting valley of the Rhone, we can commend Mr. Charles W. Wood's *In the Valley of the Rhone* (Macmillan). Mr. Wood's book is written on the old-fashioned lines, is full of talks with guides and peasants, little historical digressions, and miscellaneous chit-chat. It is also admirably illustrated. At Chillon, Arles, Le Puy, Avignon, Vauluse, we have the same inexhaustible flow of pleasant travel talk and lively retrospect.—*A Narrative of Crimes in the Mediterranean* (Oliver & Boyd) is a journal kept by William Black, a naval surgeon, during the Greek War of Independence (1822-1826). Mr. Black was surgeon on H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, and his journal is now issued by his nephew. The book consists of good travel descriptions, illustrated from the author's sketches, and criticism on the fighting between the Greek and Turkish fleets. It is admirably produced by the publishers.

## Fiction.

*The Rhymers.* By Allan M'Aulay. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THIS is a bold attempt for a beginner, as we suppose Mr. M'Aulay to be. It is nothing less than to construct a novel of which the secondary plot turns on the love-affair of Robert Burns and Clarinda—otherwise Mrs. Macle hose. The book has decided promise. The characters, if none of them very original or subtle, are drawn with decision and clearness; they live and have their being. Herries, the hero, is a very irritating prig, and the author did not mean him to be; but he lives: Mrs. Macle hose lives, pretty, sentimental, good-natured, vivacious, and slipshod of principle; Burns himself lives, if not as he lived some hundred years ago. The story is conventional, but it is well and freshly told: it is studiously simple, and moves in a simple atmosphere; there are but four chief characters in all. It is something to have treated such a theme, and made it nor dry, nor pretentious, nor unreal. Mr. M'Aulay, one may well expect, will do better work than *The Rhymers*.

For it has many shortcomings, besides those which we have already implicated. Some of the traps which are set for the historical novelist the author has avoided. He has skilfully indicated the local colour of the place and period by unobtrusive side-touches, eschewing the pedantry of formal description; we realise the old Edinburgh, its old fashions and pleasantly ancient ways, without being called upon to stand aside from the story and observe. But the language has been a stumbling-block; his speech bewrayeth him. Mrs. Macle hose, for instance—for chief instance—talks now very pretty eighteenth-century talk, perfumed with "la's!" and the like, as with old lavender; and presently she is gossiping unashamed modern Scots—nay, falls sometimes upon jarringly present-day phrases. "Nature has been kind to me in some respects, but one essential she has denied me utterly; it is that instantaneous perception of the fit and unfit, which is so useful in the conduct of life." Why, this is some critical article in a Victorian weekly; it is certainly not Clarinda. Even the Scots, to a Southron judgment, seems to show a similar tendency to ebb and flow into plain English. Better had Mr. M'Aulay altogether abandoned the effort to tincture his dialogue with archaisms, and contented himself with keeping a distance from obtrusive modernity.

Nancy Macle hose herself has been very plausibly conceived and sketched from the indications of her correspondence with Burns. But the great feat which obviously insists on our judgment is the prominent introduction of the ploughman-poet as a realised personality. Here the author has failed—but failed mildly. As mirrored in the attitude of others, Burns is too modern. "The world's poet, the singer for all time and for all hearts!" Nancy calls him. Not only the attitude, but the very phrases are modern. Fashionable Edinburgh flattered and raved about Burns as a peasant-prodigy, a poet of new and striking genius. But that he was a singer for all time even his female devotees had scarce formally conceived; and if the idea of his becoming a "world-poet" had ever entered their heads—as there is little likelihood and no evidence that it ever did—they would have lacked the epithet to utter it. For that matter, few but Scotsmen would now give him the title. "Ye may glower," says the working-man in the Edinburgh street, "and your eyes be fu' o' pride—for that is Robert Burns!" And the working-man is again an anachronism, for the universal, boastful peasant proprietorship in Burns is modern, a plant of slower growth than Mr. M'Aulay would have us imagine.

In Burns himself the author has essayed a task nigh impossible: to depict the union in one man of the satyr and the angel, the sensualist and the genius. The result, as it was bound to be, is lop-sided. To depict the satyr

was easy, to suggest the genius difficult. For the genius can only be suggested, not delineated. Genius is too elusive an attribute for that. As a consequence, we get the satyr very vividly, but a very faint image of the genius. The latter fails to impress himself. The touches employed for the purpose are too obvious, too conventional. Burns in these pages is a robust and virile young farmer with strong and unrestrained passions and a taste for ballad music. Worse still, the artifice to which he is made to lend himself for revenge upon Herries, and from which issues the calamity of the somewhat conventional heroine, is of inexcusable dastardliness. We get no sufficient palliation from the circumstance that he was drunk, and worked upon by his boon comrade Nichol. The thing remains unpardonable, unthinkable. It is a fault in art. But if Mr. M'Aulay has not succeeded, he might easily have done worse. For Burns, at any rate, is a personality, and (that one touch apart) a conceivable personality. Mr. M'Aulay, we repeat, has shown considerable gift, and it is likely he may show more.

*Two Summers.* By Mrs. J. Glenny Wilson. (Harper.)

Of the two summers, one passes in an unnamed island of the South Pacific, the other in an English country house. The story is of the simplest. Tells how Edward Lindsay, a middle-aged barrister, finds in Julia a girl to whom years before he had rendered a service—a loan of money to release her from an embarrassment not wholly unconnected with the attentions of a foreign nobleman. Tells of Julia's secret betrothal to Theo Ashby, the undistinguished author of *Friends of Aunt Maria's*. Tells of Lindsay's escape from treacherous breakers. Tells of a lady who "spoke in a low, sweet, throaty voice, in short sentences—matters of fact and direct questions—which she handed to her guest at intervals, as if she were cutting pieces of bread from a very plain loaf"; of a curate who played "incuratical" music. Drops incidentally into criticism, thus:

"Yes, I think George Eliot is very pretty, but I don't think her characters are very nice always. I do like really fine characters in a book. Now, with Miss Brown-Smith's people one has so much to admire; they are so true and noble. . . ."

This is Mrs. Wilson at her best:

Every peak and buttress and precipice was wrapped in a lovely garment, shading from deepest purple to fading lilac, like the iridescent plumage of a pigeon's breast. The foothills were darker in their impenetrable sheath of forest; but the plunging cliffs and the great shoulders of the middle range floated and trembled and almost breathed in living intensity of colour. Quick as the light ran over the ridges the hurrying shadow followed it. Moving isles of veiled sunshine, shafts of golden air, were building and casting down and building up again their beautiful house of dreams, all through the amber peace of the quiet autumn afternoon.

At her worst, facetious and ungrammatical, she shall not be quoted at all. The story is so slight that it has seemed not worth while to repeat it here; but it is told with a kind of tea-table smartness that gently detains the attention.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A MOUNTAIN EUROPA. By JOHN FOX, JUN.

This little story (it is a short novel with wide margins), by the author of *The Kentuckians*, secures the reader's confidence at once. Capital is the opening description of

the meeting between the polished Clayton and the heroine, riding on a bull in the Jellico Valley in the Far West. The bull shied at Clayton, and, some meal being spilt, the girl was angry. But afterwards she reflected on this, to her, new type of man: "He was mighty accommodatin'." "But whut," she asked herself as she rode slowly homeward—"whut did he take off his hat fer?" (Harper & Bros.)

OUTSIDERS, AN OUTLINE.

By R. W. CHAMBERS.

The struggles of two young men in New York, by the author of *Ashes of Empire*. One of them hawks a book round. It is refused by Messrs. Klaw Bros. "Our Mr. Gouge" explains why: "Yeth, thir, becouth you are unknown. . . . There are other publishers in town. . . . There are Harperth, Stokeths, Scribnerth, Appletonth, Holth, Macmillanth, Putnamth—all of them thome-thimeths take bookth from unknown authors. . . . Then there are cheap publisherth. . . ." (Grant Richards. 6s.)

A GAY CONSPIRACY.

By R. W. CHAMBERS.

Mr. Chambers is prodigal of novels this week. Here we have a romance of the court of Luxembourg—spies, diplomatists, lovers, grand duchesses and Excellencies. Are not such *dramatis personae* being done to death? But this story promises well, and is well illustrated. (Harper & Bros. 6s.)

LITTLE LADY MARY

AND HER BEST FRIEND.

By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

Lady Mary is a social pet who can do anything she likes—kiss her hand to a man in White's Club as she drives past in her mail phaeton, and become the wife of a Prime Minister. A story of social life—gay and touching and entirely readable. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

STEVE, THE OUTLANDER.

By ARTHUR LAYCOCK.

"A Romance of South Africa." But first it is a romance of a Lancashire village and factory life. After that the veldt, and Eland's Laagte. "The surgeon gave the bride away." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

WITH THE GRAND ARMY  
TO MOSCOW.

By THOMAS HENRY  
TEEGAN.

An historical novel closely following Napoleon's march to Moscow and his disastrous retreat. Illustrated. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

THE TREASURE TEMPLE.

By BRUCE HACKING.

We find nothing credible in this eighteenth century story of Jacob of Bristol and Felix Hannington, who hate each other like poison, draw up Shylockian bonds, and call each other "Jew" and "Christian" in ordinary conversation. There are adventures of the hidden-treasure-silent-valley-Brahman-temple order. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

A FIGHTER IN KHAKI.

By RALPH ROOD.

"A Romance of the Present Boer War," but the war comes in late when Lance Tyndal has enjoyed and lost a fortune. The story ends with the relief of Ladysmith. (John Long.)

OUR REMARKABLE FLEDGER.

By HARVEY BUXTON.

Frederick Horatio Fledger is a schoolmaster whose "menticultural activities were of a prosilient and desultory nature." We spend much time in the schoolroom, and the author, infected perhaps by its atmosphere, flings about words like "consociated," "colligate," "trans-animated," "droiled," "scholical," and "disploded." (Digby, Long. 6s.)



